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Summary: Hawkins, Indiana seemed the center of all things weird; strange even. Billy Hargrove's life centered around bad timing and accidental circumstances, so when his mind and soul was over taken by the Mind Flayer. Everyone forgot and Hawkins died down and strange happenings were no more, but what if decades later and Billy isn't so dead. What if.

1. I need redemption

"William."

"Wake up William."

The sky was dark and flushing red, a blistering heat made his eyes water and a gust of dry wind burned his cheeks raw. Blue eyes wondered over every inch of the deserted area, once a screech; similar to a tortured animal alerted he wasn't entirely alone as he thought. What the hell was this place. Billy's heart hammered in his chest filling with dread, feet feeling weighed down to the ground ignoring the instinctual flight reflex. He closed his eyes and tried with all his might to recollect the last thing he remembered - but it was all bleak. Did he, was he, is this a dream?

"Baby, honey you've got to wake up."

There was that voice a soft; and sweet familiarity that made his stomach churn and sadness creep in his heart. The voice felt so close he swore the words whispered over his back, hairs standing up.

Tears streamed down his face, "Mom, is that you?"

The sky above opened up and hopeful color bled through the darkness, sun streamed in like a glittering ball. Whatever was happening made his mother's voice drift further from his ears. Turning in circles and running towards the sound, stumbling on rocks and sand and scraping his knees and palms; a sting no comparison to the desperation to keep ahold of his lost mother.

"No! Don't leave me please. Ma!"

Like a flood gate opening Billy gasping for air, a ringing in his ears and light so bright dots floated in his vision. Machines surrounding him sent his mind whirling, looking down and seeing the cause of his pain - a long elongated scar right down the center of his chest; starting from the middle of his pecks and another one across his stomach and belly button. Whoever stitched him up did a hell of a job. Funny enough all he could think about was the ruined image of

his button down shirts, people more than likely to ostracize his deformity. Holy fuck why couldn't he feel his toes did something happen to his legs too? Swear to god if he was a paraplegic now all hope for king of Hawkins High was gone. Smashing the hottest or well sometimes they were hot, chicks were gone and Billy Hargrove could kiss his reputation goodbye.

Luckily he could move his upper body at most and glanced down and saw all limbs were still in tact but annoyance crept up his spine, unfortunately you couldn't really remove the obvious scar bound to maw his tanned torso when his stitches healed up. Irritated and dying for a cigarette; he pushed the call button on the side of his bed on the adjacent wall. Longer than necessary in came a short round nurse with plain features except the scowl exposing her crooked teeth.

She sighed and rested a hand on her popped hip, "You called sir?"

A droning voice sounding more exasperated the longer she stood there, Billy could fucking care less and without two fucks to give demanded his belongings. He knew for a fact there was always a fresh pack of cigarettes in his inside left pocket of his denim jacket. "Where's my shit I need a cigarette?"

Her eyes must of rolled back into her skull when she huffed and tapped her shoes on the linoleum, shaking her head and hollering for the doctor; deliberately ignoring Billy calling after her with profanity dirty enough to make a nun blush. No screw this, he'll just get it himself now that the feeling was beginning to creep back into his toes. Swinging his legs over the side of the bed and letting himself get adjusted to the cold pressure of the floor on the bottom of his feet. He grunted in pain and ignored the flare of heat rushing to his neck and clouding his vision with dark spots, grasping onto the iv stand, pulling himself to a slow; albeit unsteady stand.

Before he could make it to the door in search for a smoke here came a flood of medical staff and behind them a tall, lanky middle age man. Without a word two smaller and younger nurses grabbed him by the arms and lead him back to the bed, whispering reassurance he should lay down and take it easy. Billy growled and shoved at their restraint and went to stand back up, when the head doctor held up a hand and ordered them with a solemn nod. The teenager didn't take

it too well pushing and screaming at the top of his lungs.

"What the fuck dumb bitch let me go or I swear to-

"Mr. Hargrove I see you've adjusted quite quickly."

His eyes were analyzing his every move, each blink of an eye, all the bruises left on his body and stitches; his huffing and puffing and rebelling attitude.

"Tell me," long fingers pulling out a pen from his breast pocket of his lab coat, "what do you remember last."

Billy's mouth was ready to spit fire and suddenly he couldn't recollect anything but quick images of; shadows, neon lights, a smell of smoke and teeth, endless rows of pointed teeth that could tear him to pieces. It all happened so quick like television infomercials blinking in a empty dark room. Why couldn't he remember anything but his childhood past and only hatred, mean just pure malice.

"I-I don't know," his response a small whisper.

The doctor made a sound of disappointment and flicked his chin in the direction of the door. A large muscular man, having to be at least over 6 feet; dressed in black and wearing a ear piece in one ear came hauling ass, throwing Billy over his shoulder kicking and screaming. The doctor held his gaze as he passed, yanking everything in his reach and throwing it to the ground. The veins in his arms prominent whenever he used both hands to grasp the door frame, a fingernail clipping and chipping the paint, blood oozing from the cuticle. Billy fought hard like a wild animal with spit flying and words like hot iron.

"Get the fuck off me!"

He only caught the last three letters on the name tag of the doctor's lab coat, who watched him reserved and collected.

T-O-R

"See to it he's changed and fed then have him ready for inspection."

They carried him down a long narrow deserted hall, it was dimly lit and only had one door at the very end - wherever it led was a mystery. The man stopped at the key pad entry when the same voice halted his actions.

"Oh and Mr. Hargrove where are my manners."

Billy turned his head and glared at the figure down the hall.

"Welcome back."

2. For all the places that it hurts

Billy may be confused and dizzy from the comatose but he still had fight him in. He wouldn't go down without one I guess the pent up aggression from always fighting with the odds made him stubborn. Ok hard headed was more like it. Of course he slapped the shit out of the nurse who tried pulling his pants down, the act wasn't completely foreign many women begged to get him out of his clothes. Girls would jump at the chance but this wasn't his normal hook up.

After a few minutes of wrestling back and forth with him the one with the blonde curls called for the muscle and here he came again, this time with more back up and drugs. The next thing he knew he was waking back up feeling more groggy than before and handcuffed to a chair, sat behind a table in a smaller room than before and a mirror in front of him.

He was so damn tired of blacking out! One more creep tries touching him and they'll regret it. After sitting there for however long he managed to snag a pack of smokes and inhaled a lungful of nicotine. His nerves no longer felt frazzled and his mouth was occupied, it was against the rules but whatever to keep the punk quiet - right?

The click of the lock signaled the opening of the door and in walked the man of the hour, the same doctor with the disturbed demeanor and creepy all-knowing smile; sat diagonal from him and pulled out a folder. Billy's name was written in neat penmanship across the top and somehow the anger came stampeding back. Billy clenched his fists and bared his teeth in a threatening grin, "So you gonna tell me what the fuck I'm doing here and what happened, eh doc?"

Doctor just smiled like the cat got the cream both hands clasped in his lap in a nonchalant way, he knew Billy wouldn't try anything stupid in case of getting knocked out again. "My name is Dr. Castor." - leaning forward in his seat and sliding the folder with his name on it to him, "I think this may help you recollect - ahem, better."

Billy eyed the folder and raised a brow before putting out his cigarette on the table, leaning his chair back on its legs. Grabbing another cigarette and lighting it up under Dr. Castor's view. Billy exhaled a cloud of smoke jabbing a finger in the direction of the two

way glass. He wasn't easy, he knew exactly what that was and had a good hunch they were listening in on this entire conversation.

"You may think everyone that walks through those doors is gullible and shit, might take everything you say as the truth, but don't mistake me for a fucking moron."

Doctor Castor went to grab the folder and tuck it back inside the lapel of his lab coat but Billy was quicker, he snatched it back in his grasp and flipped it open. What was inside made his stomach churn and cigarette slipping from his fingers, forgotten on the floor and his jaw drop. Multiple pictures of him were taken in Hawkins High parking lot, a few from a hidden view across his street inside his home working out, the others miscellaneous; here and there at the local pool during his shift and one lone picture of him at the Halloween party back when he first moved there.

"What is this?"

Growling and flinging his chair back, ready to throw his fists in this freak's direction. Doctor Castor instead of leaping away in fear actually rolled his eyes and raised a hand, flicking his wrist and in walked the same meathead who'd stuck him the last time. A threat not to do anything stupid so Billy hunkered back down and fiddled with his zippo.

"I wouldn't if I were you Mr. Hargrove - please refrain from anymore violence as you can see it won't end well on your behalf."

Billy spat in his direction first before running his fingers through his hair and pushing it back teeth gnawing at his busted lip. Doctor Castor pulled a pen from his breast pocket.

"Now as I was saying you may not remember yet what happened but things have changed since you've been comatose Mr. Hargrove - drastically haha if I do say so myself."

"Cut to the chase Doc."

Billy could feel the beginning of a headache creeping in his skull, a throbbing deep and pulsing in his temple. Vision blurring and skin

sweating profusely beading at his hairline. His hands slowly grew numb and panic set in, he grasped at his chest and fumbled for another cigarette wishing he could smoke his way into another coma. Because whatever this feeling was it made the beatings Neil gave him feel like a walk in the park.

"Do you believe in other realms outside of our own time and space? No I wouldn't say a individual like yourself would. A phenomenon maybe or even..an alternate reality."

Billy looked all over the room and saw something in the corner of his eye, it was quick but he saw it and the thing made him jump out of his chair and clutch at the Virgin Mary dangling from his neck. "What the fuck was that!"

Doctor Castor chuckled and ignored his frightened posture still tapping his pen away in thought.

"There's nothing there Mr. Hargrove the drugs you've been given sometimes patients hallucinate things but it's only for a moment; it'll pass."

No Billy was one hundred fucking percent pos-it-tive he saw the same creature from his dreams lurking in the corner, fleshy arms oozing and creeping along the walls. The endless rows of razor sharp teeth clicking and chirping like it was hungry and Billy was the buffet. No eyes, no soul, no anything but random appendages running up the wall.

For the second time in his life or dreams or whatever the fuck was happening Billy felt tears burning his eyes and begin like a waterfall, he couldn't stop it. Man if Neil could see him now he'd tell him to man up and quit being such a pussy but wherever Neil was and the rest of Hawkins was a mystery.

"The last time you'd encounter such things was back in 1985 at the StarCourt Mall is that correct?"

What the hell was this nutjob yacking on about?! There was something unnatural creeping up behind them and he was nearly about to shit himself. Billy shouted and pointed as the thing grew closer, "Shut the hell up you fucking quack and look behind you!"

Billy fell backwards on his hands and knees and crawled to the corner of the room and as far away as possible from the creature, but the rest of occupants didn't seem to see what he was seeing.

Like he was underwater; he could hear the nurses ordering out things to him. Another prick and the world's edges turned dark slowly every color in the room started to blend.

"Mr. Hargrove let me introduce you to what we call The Upside Down."